

Wichita Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

England and France want to be connected by a tunnel, and yet are afraid of it. A sort of mutual desire and mutual distrust.

If Jerry should swing the house members of the Big Seventh solid, where is the man who is going to have more votes for the U. S. senate than he?

In France the bankrupt man is not allowed to serve on the jury. Such a law in this country would cause many business men to seek safety in insolvency.

Senator Teller says the copyright bill will become a law within thirty days. And this, too, in spite of the fact that Editor Joe Medill, of the Chicago Tribune, is opposed to it.

It is a favorite optimistic expression that the Lord helps those who help themselves, but don't deceive yourself by the notion that such help will be vouchsafed to those who help themselves only.

The spirit of home rule seems to pervade the universe. A few days ago 500 Hindus met at Calcutta and demanded a moderate amount of home rule for their country. They have formed a national association to that end.

Some New Haven smokers have started a tobacco moderation society, members being limited to three cigars a day. The members will probably follow the idea of the man who swore to take but one drink a day, and then went out and purchased a bucket wherewith to measure off his diurnal dose.

There will be five Taylors in the Fifty-second congress: One from Tennessee, one from Illinois and three from Ohio. They are all Republicans, and some one facetiously remarks that they will be able to "tail" themselves in the next congress as far as the actions of their party is concerned.

When the revolution breaks out in Russia—and it is only a question of time—it will be the greatest of modern times. In its efforts to prevent it the government is encouraging it, and giving the combustible elements increased force and energy every day. And our guess is that the crash will come sooner than the world anticipates.

The funniest and cutest little man in all America and by all odds the smartest, has an office at 115 Broadway, second floor front, and his name is Jay Gould. He upsets Wall street one day, leaving its financial bulls and bears standing on their heads and hind legs promiscuously and the next day he wraps the greatest corporate powers of the country around his little finger, non-plussing their solicitor-generals with legal points in their own contracts of which they never dreamed.

At the rate at which things are now going, the Koch lymph is in a very fair way to be listed as the great cure-all before long. If we believe the reports, it is to be efficacious in curing all tuberculous diseases, cancer, leprosy and other ailments. Either the experimenters have allowed enthusiasm to run away with judgment or we are on the eve of a miraculous discovery in therapeutics. We very much fear, however, that the form or will prove to be the truth in the case. At the present all is uncertainty.

Killing off the Indians as a means of getting rid of them, appears to be quite similar in its effects to the same method of getting rid of flies in summer: for every one killed a dozen will appear. After the first fight, that took place at the attempted disarming of a band of one hundred and twenty men women and children, it was stated that the band was practically annihilated. Already there are upwards of 2,000 hostiles in arms. At this rate the government will find it necessary to greatly increase its army in order to hold its hand against the red skins.

It is said that one of the matters in which Wall street is taking an interest nowadays is whether the remainder of the winter will be severe or not. Numerous and heavy snow storms have decided effect on the traffic and earnings of the railroad in the west and north-west. At the same time, a severe winter induces increased consumption of coal. This tends to benefit the revenues of railroads whose freight is largely composed of coal. An open winter or its reverse has, therefore, considerable influence on the course of speculation.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin says there is no word of going south or west to find a rough neighborhood. All one has to do is to travel on the horse cars as far as they will carry one up in the northern portion of Hudson county, New Jersey. Then let him or her take a walk straight out in any direction. The chances are that if the pedestrian is a woman, she will be in danger of assault, particularly if it be after nightfall. If it be a man who is so venturesome as to stroll upon this Hudson high he will be robbed. The houses attract thither a mob of the hardest characters that ever struck an outlying fringe of a great city. Some of the residents are socialists and anarchists and there are many Poles, Italians and Hungarians, with whom respect for human life is very slight.

From the tenor of the dispatches the past day or two from the scene of the Indian trouble in the northwest it is evident that unless the weather shall become and continue severe enough to prevent it, there will be a general uprising of the Indians and a very serious state of affairs before the trouble is finally settled. The Sioux have never been more thoroughly worked up and hostile than now: even those regarded as friendly have taken the warpath, many of them. If the miserable villains who are responsible for the trouble could have been made to suffer the consequences of their infamous acts instead of the innocent soldiers who have been killed and others who will be, doubtless, it would have been cause for much less regret than is now felt. But, the war being on its hands, the government cannot but prosecute it to such conclusion as it can account as the victor.

NEW YEAR'S EVENING MEDITATIONS

For the Eagle.
Twilight is tomorrow morn,
The old year dead—a new year born.
How they come again—how swift they go
On the five Time's winged winged flow.
Let us pause tonight in solemn thought
And ask ourselves what time has wrought
Within our hearts, opportunities rare
We give to such to such as care.
Many the heartaches and burning tears
We might amuse in the passing years,
For ourselves and others in this pilgrim land,
Did each do the duties that come to hand.
The old is passed—its pages closed
Of what were those pages just written composed,
How have we used opportunities given
How will they read in the ledger of Heaven?
The new year's before us—what shall we write
On its pages yet unsolved and white?
At its close shall we have this sad refrain,
Alas! the record is blotted again?
Carefully we weigh each act and thought
And all our labor we have wrought,
Carefully we write and the pages be clean,
Could we see ourselves as we were seen.
—MISS L. R. RYAN.

SUGAR GROWING IN KANSAS AND TEXAS.

The question of sugar raising is just now attracting considerable attention in Texas. It is claimed that large areas in the southern half of the state are as well adapted to the production of the ribbon cane as are the famous sugar-growing districts in Louisiana, and that the state of Texas alone could produce two-thirds of the quantity of sugar required by this country. The principal obstacle in the way of the people engaging in the sugar industry is the cost of producing and marketing the cane crop, which is placed at \$50 per acre, very few farmers being in condition, financially, to engage in it. Cotton is, and will probably continue to be for some time, the principal crop of the state. That crop for 1890 is put down at 2,000,000 bales, about one-fourth of the entire crop of the country. At current prices this is estimated to be worth \$80,000,000. This is nearly as much as would be realized from a full sugar crop, and the cost of producing a cotton crop being not more than one-fourth as much as for a sugar crop it is not unreasonable to suppose the planters will adhere to the present great staple, which is always a ready cash crop.

The cost of producing the sorghum and beet crops in this state is not more than any other crop, while the sugar yielding qualities of both have been ascertained to be equal to the ribbon cane of the south. The sugar industry in Kansas, therefore, is not beset by such discouragement as exists in Texas, but on the contrary has been sufficiently developed to demonstrate that it may be made one of the surest and most profitable that can be engaged in.

A DARK PROPHECY.

In view of the fact that the majority of mankind considers the resources of the United States unlimited, and predict for it a wonderful future, Mr. Otis Mason, of the bureau of ethnology of the national museum, has deemed it his duty to tell deluded mankind that it is all wrong, and that the resources of the western hemisphere will be comparatively short time be exhausted as a support for civilization, and will be depopulated except by savages of a very low order.

"In order that this may be understood," says Mr. Mason, "it is first necessary to explain that his western part of the world, known as North and South America, is from the scientific point of view an inferior continent compared with the land masses of the other hemispheres. By that is meant that, while superior to Europe, Asia, or Africa in point of vegetable productiveness, it is less adapted for the support of animal life. To show that this is so, make a list of the animals which are native to the beasts of this hemisphere and those of the other. The elephant of the old world is represented here by the tapir. What we have as a substitute for the camel is the llama, which is just big enough to be a pack animal, and what would be a load for a man. The lion and tiger of Asia and Africa are represented on this side of the earth by little more than big cats.

"But to arrive at the most marked exhibition of the contrast, you cannot do better than consider the monkeys, which are most highly developed of all beasts, approaching very nearly to man. What is there to be found in the Americas to correspond with the anthropoid apes of the old world? The gorilla, which uses clubs, the chimpanzee, which is easily taught to wait upon the table and to perform other domestic duties, and the orang, which presents so many likenesses to the human being, are represented on this side of the world by miserable little monkeys.

"This it is that this part of the earth is termed an inferior continent, because it is not able to produce or support such high developments of animal life as are found in the other part. Civilized man exists here only as a natural product, and as an importation."

Mr. Mason then continues his gloomy prediction by telling how state by state will gradually become uninhabitable, because of inability to support a population, until finally the whole country will turn into a sort of Sahara.

"The state of Nevada will be the first to suffer from infectious ailment, and the time is very close on when it will be unable to support a population. 'Nevada, however,' he says, 'will simply be the first state to succumb to the operation of this inevitable law. The outlook is melancholy. That is not to be denied. It is not pleasant to consider the frame of mind of the last civilized man on this continent a few centuries hence, standing on a sandhill, where once the maize luxuriously grew, and shedding a silent tear of affection on the past of a continent which is given up to savagery ever more.'

American citizen who can't make a speech at any time on any subject, ought to find out how to do so at once, and then refrain from speculating the rest of his life."

The Ney myth comes to the front once more, and this time it is elaborately set forth in a book written by Rev. James A. Weston, of Hickory, N. C. Mr. Weston is an Episcopal clergyman, a scholarly gentleman, and he is firmly convinced that the Peter Stuart Ney, who taught school and died in Rowan county, North Carolina, in 1846, was the veritable Michael Ney, the marshal of France, who was called by Napoleon the bravest of the brave. The myth is that instead of being executed as history records, Michael Ney escaped, made his way to America and located in North Carolina, assuming the role and profession of a school teacher. That such a person as Ney, a school teacher, did appear and reside in that state about the time of the incidents of history mentioned is undoubtedly true, and also that he encouraged the suspicion that his personal resemblance to the great field marshal created; but the real identity of person has many times been disproved by indisputable facts. However, it affords a clever theme for a readable novel, in the hands of a competent writer of romance.

A SLOW PAPER.

Judge Doster, of Marion county, is the latest mentioned for United States senatorial honors for the third party. Judge Doster is a man of fine ability and excellent character. Topeka Capital, Dec. 31.

If the Capital will turn to the editorial page of the EAGLE of the morning of November 16, it will find the following, and what was notified by at least fifty papers in the state of Kansas:

FOR UNITED STATES SENATE.
As the Alliance people are casting around for a candidate for the United States senate, and as they are particularly anxious that they may not take too great a step downward from Ingalls, we suggest that a man of fine ability and excellent character, Topeka Capital, Dec. 31.

A HARD WINTER.

At the earnest solicitation of many of the ice dealers of Connecticut, Levi Beebe, the old, reliable weather prophet of Great Barrington, has sent us a decree of what the weather is to be this winter. Mr. Beebe says:

"This will be an unusually hard winter. Ice will be abundant, and snow in New England will be deep, coming on about Jan. 1, and lasting until late in the spring, giving parts of Connecticut and Massachusetts almost ninety days of sleighing. There will be much more snow in both these states than for five years previous, and the entire New England coast will see snow two feet deep before Feb. 1. The winter will be more severe on our coast than any since 1850, and snow will often go down to zero. Shipping on the Atlantic coast will be greatly impeded, and steamships coming from Europe will be especially endangered as they approach these shores. The waves will run higher than they have in many decades."

A REMINISCENCE OF PLUME.

A Missouri prognosticator, named Foster, has also been making some predictions for the year. He doesn't say much about severely cold weather in the west, says that there will be an unusual quantity of rain during the spring and summer throughout the highlands of the west, embracing the northern portion of the Indian territory, Kansas, eastern Colorado, and Nebraska.

Senator Preston B. Plumb, of Kansas, is at the Astor house, and the political differences with his party friends which have lately marked his career in the senate do not seem to be troubling him very much. Any one coming closely in contact with him will notice that his face is strongly pitted with smallpox marks. There is a story connected with this fact that is honorable to the great heart of the Kansas statesman. In the early days of the state, Plumb was a house painter, and he gathered money enough together, however, to start a little weekly newspaper in the town, and was doing fairly well with it and had almost paid up his debts. There ran a rumor through the town one day that a stranger, a tramp, had been suddenly stricken with smallpox, and that the epidemic was in danger of spreading. 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